

of you for eight months more, for there are not three men on the city commission who dare to question what you do, and Lord knows there has been provocation enough, without this last disgraceful proceeding, to call you to account.

But when grown men are overly ambitious there is nothing for their shamed constituents to do but wait until it is time for the primaries again. And when they come Mr. Park and Mr. Grant, "Paul and Virginia" fleeing from the storm, will have nothing on you in speed limits, unless—and it is entirely within the realm of possibility—you have both been assured of soft jobs again, when these give out, as the reward of duty well done, and a certain kind of valor that few but sycophants would have.

You refused the student body permission to parade because you had refused permission to the I. W. W.?

Coming from such a source, the sanctimonious reformer of unenviable personal record in other days, the university students who are gentlemen, should be glad of the refusal, and not again lower themselves by appealing to such authority.

MR. WYATT AND MR. BIRCH

On more than one occasion we have called the attention of the police department to the notorious proceedings which go on at the Louvre cafe after midnight every Saturday, but the orgies continue unabated and nobody in authority seems to care.

It is just such persistent law breakers as Mr. Wyatt and Colonel Birch and others of their ilk, who bring the odium upon others in the cafe and liquor business, and were it not for the flagrant violations practiced by them and others, there would not be half of the reoccurring agitation on the part of the lily whites. What such men allow in their places of business is so widely known that it is natural not only for the dries but the law abiding wets to resent what they do, and if Mr. Wyatt finds it necessary to run the kind of place he is conducting after midnight Saturday, in order to keep open, he had better close it. The kind of dancing that is allowed and the amount of booze that is served after midnight to people in different stages of inebriation is inexcusable. There is an ordinance prohibiting the serving of drinks after twelve o'clock, and those people who can't abide by the law should be made an example of, for if they are allowed to proceed without molestation, all the work of those who have made the fight to keep this state in line with other states where personal liberty is allowed, will have gone for naught.

Speaking of Colonel Birch, we haven't heard of him being arrested recently, but he must be doing a splendid business in "soft drinks" for on more than one occasion within the past fortnight, he has been seen with his motor in front of a wholesale liquor house, and when he left and rode in state down Main street, the top of a large barrel, evidently full of "soft drinks," was protruding from the tonneau. Whenever the Colonel is arrested for selling liquor unlawfully, it is peculiar that we never hear anything about it until the next arrest. It would be interesting to learn just what the status of his case is, and just what he is doing at the present time. We are not interested in investigating the business of either Mr. Wyatt or Colonel Birch, but lined on the side of those who protest against the fanatical work of the dries, we believe it is the duty of everyone to see that the present liberal laws are obeyed and that the community shall not be made to suffer through legislative enactments prompted by the overt acts of selfish law breakers.

"THE HEART THAT ONCE THOUGH TERROR FALLS"

By F. Buckley McGurrian.

Far from the siphon's sibilant sizzle, on the dizzy edge of the lofty and ungarnished, dozed a Way Down East hamlet. The knobby lads whose mere presence was a source of serious apprehension to the members of the Hay Fever Brigade there held forth, playing penny ante with reckless abandon, and assaulting the old brown demi-john between sessions. They wore round hair-cuts, and spoke of their nether garments as "pants." Their trillies were adorned by little Aetnas, and they attacked their dinner at high noon. Foremost among the delicacies that graced the local menu were pie and crullers. The town's mental horizon began with a Sears & Roebuck dopesheet, and extended almost as far as a Victrola. As yet the wild-eyed denizens were not jerry to the gentle pastime called jitney tag.

In other words, here was the native haunt of the crayon print.

It was bush league for fair.

In the very heart of this intellectual vacuum moved and breathed—and in a measure had his being—a sun-beamed Lothario with a set of bashful and self-conscious hands. While, in civilized climes, the t. b. m. was blithely hounding the needful, he strolled about in a sort of trance, absently manicuring the heath with a John Deer of the vintage of 1852. This Son of the Soil had but one pasteboard above his wrist. It was his name: Hector—a come-back nobody could trump. As far as sartorial dexterity goes, he couldn't have been classed as a regular, but it must be admitted that he greatly resembled his illustrious namesake—especially after Hector's final clash with Young Achilles.

When Ma sounded the evening Klaxon, our hero enjoyed a temporary resurrection, during which he would stride back to the homestead, step a round or two with the crepe that hung from the towel rack, work havoc with a detachment of the Germans held at bay by a pack of blood hounds—the lubrication being supplied by a scuttle of discouraged Oolong inhaled in arpeggios—and then gallop to his lair among the cuck-

cos. Here he struggled into a rubber neck and aggravated by a machine-tied cravat, and shortly after his brogans would provoke startled squawks from sonambulant poultry as he rumbled down the lane to Lucy's Grange.

Lucy, it may be well to state, was the favored female.

It was steady stuff, and the Wise Ones had figured Hector to cop.

Lucy herself was not so poor. In fact she was some doll. Of course her complexion was chemically pure, and she was a zealous adherent of the "Lips that touch Liquor" principle. It may be added that to the casual observer she seemed constructed more for comfort than for speed. At that her advent invariably caused a temporary adjournment of the checker fest at the Emporium, and as she had absorbed a line gleaned from Robert Chambers' Side Lights on the Idle and Wealthy, she was rated as Class AA in the tulle league. But the mirth provoking part of it all was that, while all the Swains were wont to moon around her Old Gentlemen's rancho, it was Hector who held the real, bonafide ticket.

Sensing Hector's approach, she would meet him each evening upon the piazza. Here they would raise a pair of blood-curdling sallies on the weather. Then they would pull a Douglas Crane into the Mausoleum, while Father's chin foliage could be heard battling the breeze as he sneaked down the passage to the Commissary department.

From this stage on, Hector would commit assault on such naughty chansons as "Ol' Hundred," with Lucy battling bravely at the melodren. The preliminaries over, the two young things would hold down the horsehair sofa, breathing soft nothings flavored with home cooking until father began to clatter to and fro up-stage. This signal was given at ten bells to the fraction of a tick. Then Hector would begin to ooze out into the night, while Lucy pulled my Hero stuff against the Nevada diamond in his cravat. Shortly after, Hector could be heard lightly carolling a roundelay as he pranced across the heather, while his one and only luminary dreamed of Maurice Costello on the shucks beneath the rafters.

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